

Saturday Journal

THE
WEEKLY JOURNAL
A POPULAR PAPER
FOR
PLEASURE & PROFIT

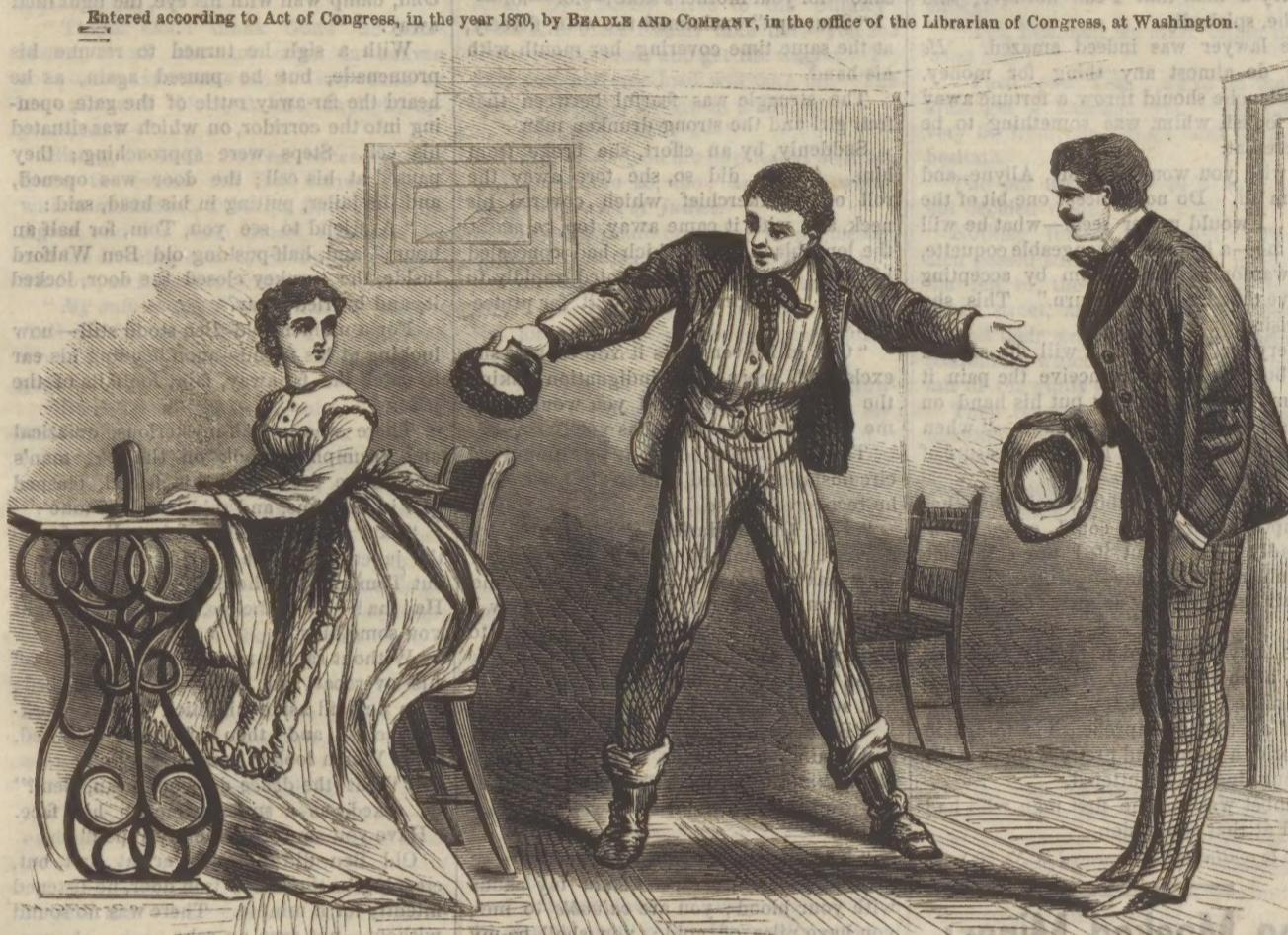
Vol. I. No. 22.

BRADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
98 William Street.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1870.

TERMS: \$2.50 per Annum, in advance.
\$1.25 for Six Months.

Price 5 Cents.



"CRISSIE," HE SAID, WITH A FLOURISH OF HIS GREAT, BRAWNY HAND, "THIS IS MISTER MORDAUNT."

THE SCARLET HAND;

The Orphan Heiress of Fifth Avenue.

A STORY OF

NEW YORK HEARTHS AND NEW YORK HOMES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Witches of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

LUCKILY for Mordaunt the druggist was also a doctor, and he was at home. To him the suffering man explained his symptoms. Mordaunt, each moment, seemed to be getting worse and worse.

The doctor guessed from the actor's description of his pains the nature of his illness.

First he employed that admirable instrument known as a stomach-pump. Then he prepared a dose of sweet oil, which he made Mordaunt swallow.

"How do you feel now?" he asked, after the actor had taken the oil.

"Oh, much better, the pain is nearly all gone."

"You had a lively shake of it, cap," said Pony, who stood an attentive observer of the scene.

"What could have caused this sudden attack?" Mordaunt asked in wonder.

"You have been drinking to excess lately, have you not?" said the doctor, his experienced eye reading the truth in the haggard face of the actor.

"Yes; but this morning, I have taken nothing but a glass of wine—a single glass only."

"Indeed, only a single glass of wine?" said the doctor, thoughtfully.

"That is all."

"Come this way a moment, please," said the doctor, drawing Mordaunt into the little room at the back of the shop.

"You have not been under the influence of liquor then, to-day?" the doctor asked.

"No," Mordaunt said, in some astonishment at the doctor's question.

"You have not tried to poison yourself, then?"

"No," replied the actor, utterly astonished; "why, do you mean to say—"

"That you have been poisoned, yes," said the doctor. "I thought when you came in, and I discovered what the matter was with you, that, in a drunken spree, you had taken poison."

"No, no, it is not so," returned Mordaunt, utterly bewildered at this strange discovery.

"Then you have in some way taken poison. If my guess is right, you have been a very hard drinker?"

"Yes, yes."

"That you have drank hard has probably saved your life, for your system being impregnated with the poison of the alcohol, the poison that you have recently taken could not act upon it in its full force. One poison counteracted the other in a measure. But if you had not acted so promptly in coming to me, and applying a remedy, you would have been beyond all earthly aid in an hour."

Then to the mind of Mordaunt came the thought that the poison, that had so nearly taken his life, must have been in the glass of wine that he had drunk at the house of Allyne Strathroy.

Why should Allyne Strathroy desire the death of one so powerless as the vagabond actor?

There was but one answer:

the old sports. New York ain't what it used to be. It's all moved up-town or over to Brooklyn, or gone out into Jersey," said Pony, with an air of disgust.

The actor listened to the reflections of the street vender very thoughtfully. Even while the good-hearted fellow was scheming for Mordaunt's stage resurrection, the other was scheming for his own deeper eclipse. That poisoned draught had fired the slumbering lion in his nature, which never before was so fully aroused; and already, even as Pony Moore chattered, the actor had determined upon his plan of action to clear away the mystery that surrounded Allyne Strathroy and his connection with the Baxter street victim, Kidd.

Some obscure and quiet retreat was requisite; possibly, an active and daring ally. The room in the old Jew's house in Baxter street might answer for the first, but if he could also procure another refuge it would be to his advantage, for Mordaunt now felt sure that he had a powerful and unscrupulous foe to contend with, when he entered the lists with Allyne Strathroy.

The alibi could be found in the street vender, and perhaps he could direct him to some quiet boarding-house near where he resided.

"You have not told me your name yet," observed Mordaunt.

"Moore—Pony Moore," said the street vender.

"Where do you live?"

"In Rivington street, near the Bowery. It's a tumbledown-looking old shanty on the outside, but pretty as a picture on the inside," said Pony.

"Do you know of a very nice, quiet boarding-house, near you—one cheap, because I'm not over flush with money?" asked Mordaunt.

For a moment Pony scratched the side of his head reflectively—a sign in him of deep thought.

"Well," he said, at length, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Mordaunt, we've got a spare room; 'tain't a very large one, but it's snug; an' if you'd like to come an' stop with us—Crisis an' I—why, you kin pay just what you think it's worth."

Eagerly Mordaunt embraced the offer.

It suited his purpose admirably.

"Just git onto the cart an' ride right along," said Pony. "I'm goin' straight home. The folks up here don't know what cheap taters are. You see, my reg'lar beat's on the east side from the Bowery down to the river. But, as I had a lot of taters on hand, I thought I'd skirmish up here. It's a mean beat; they ain't got no rocks."

So Mordaunt and Pony got on the wagon, and, urged by the voice of the street vender, "January" began to make good time home-ward, while Pony enlarged upon the good qualities of the sorry-looking steed.

Pony explained to his companion as they rode along that his sister, Crissie Moore, or, as he termed her, Cris—was a shirt-maker for one of the large Broadway firms, but worked at home instead of going to a shop. Pony, evidently, thought a great deal of her.

"She's just the nicest little gal you ever

did see," he informed his companion, in confidence, as they proceeded down-town. "an' she's just as smart as they make'em. Why, a steel-trap's a fool to her. You would never think that she was my sister, for to look at me, 'cos I'm rather a rough and tumble looking cuss, but she's just as neat as a pink. You ought to see for yourself when she's fixed up to go to Jones' Wood, or over to Hoboken on a Fourth of July, or some such day. She looks just as gay as a humming-bird. She's a good girl, too," said Pony with pride. "You don't catch her runnin' round the streets, with a lot of young fellers. She's just as much of a lady as any of them painted up gals with hose-tails on the back of their heads that cut such an awful swell on Broadway. Why, if I should ketch Cris daubing any of that white and red on her face, I'd just put her head in the water-pail, quicker'n a wink. But, she wouldn't do any such thing as that; she knows better, she does!"

"I suppose that she'll be getting married soon," said Mordaunt, merely by way of keeping up the conversation.

"Well, I don't know," said Pony, dubiously. "She's the queerest little coon about that that you ever did see. Why, there's a feller that I used to know'd when I ran with 41, 'way 'fore the war—that's when 41 lay down round Clinton street, you know."

Mordaunt nodded his head, as much as to say that he knew all about it.

"He was a butcher-boy down at Washington Market. He was as nice a feller as you ever seen, and he wasn't afraid of any man of his weight in New York. You ought to see him put his hands up with the gloves on. He was a hummer, now I tell yer. Well, I took him up to the house, but Cris didn't cotton to him, at all. He was just dead gone on her, but it wasn't no use. I tell yer, he thought a heap on her—his name was Billy Meeder; p'haps you know him," said Pony, suddenly winding up his eulogium on his friend.

Mordaunt said that he had never met Mr. William Meeder, but that he should be pleased to make his acquaintance.

"He's a hunky boy, now I tell yer; an' he just loved the very ground that Cris walked on, I do believe. Why, he told me on't that he'd lick any man that looked crossways at Cris, if he were big as a house, an' I know he'd tried to do it."

"Then your sister didn't encourage the attentions of this friend of yours?" Mordaunt said.

"Nary bit!" returned Pony, emphatically. "He wasn't her style. She's got a mind of her own, now I tell yer."

In due time the two reached the little two-story wooden house on Rivington street, where the street vender lived.

As he explained to the actor, he had the upper part of the house while another family occupied the lower floor. Families in New York are herded together in narrow quarters, like so many cattle. No wonder that the mortality list of the great city is large.

Pony ushered Mordaunt into the little front room, wherein sat his sister, Crissie, busy at work at her sewing-machine—with great ceremony.

Crisse rose to her feet in some little confusion as her brother introduced the actor.

The actor was still a gentleman, though he and fortune had long since shaken hands and parted company; so, gracefully and with easy politeness, he expressed the pleasure it gave him to make the acquaintance of Miss Moore.

Crisse Moore did not belie her brother's praise. She was a little woman; possibly three and twenty, although being so small in stature, she looked like a mere girl. Her merry blue eyes were as quick and piercing as the eyes of a bird. The mass of hair that crowned her shapely little head was of a strange hue, not yellow, nor yet gold, but of an odd, unusual tint between the two.

She could not be called beautiful, for her nose was too large, and the contour of her face too sharp. Her lips were red and perfect in their form. The complexion pure white and red; Nature's handiwork, not the Art's. The little lithe figure perfect in its outline, and the pure white brow was purity itself.

There was a little of the vixen, something of the coquette, and a great deal of the true woman—the latter tempered the two first—about Crissie Moore.

"Cris, I've spoken to Mister Mordaunt about taking our little front room," said Pony, in his blunt, honest way.

"I should be very much pleased to make one of your household, Miss Moore," said Mordaunt, in the powerful, sweet-toned voice, that so often, in the days gone by, had thrilled like liquid music through the hearts of an audience. "That is," he added, "if it will not put you to too much trouble."

"Oh, no, sir," said Crissie, quickly. With the quick instinct of the once popular actor, in his shabby garb and in the deep lines that dissatisfaction and want had stamped upon his face; the proud face that had once been so handsome in its manly beauty.

And so Mordaunt became a member of Pony Moore's household.

The children of toil have far more pity in their hearts for the unfortunate than the wealthy denizens of the great city.

Crisie Moore took a far deeper interest in the pale-faced wanderer than she had ever felt for any one before. Pity filled her heart; in time, that might become something else.

CHAPTER XI.
BLANCHE MAYBURY ASTONISHES LAWYER CHUBBET.

IN a cosy office situated in a handsome brown-stone front building, on lower Broadway, sat lawyer Chubbet.

Lysander Chubbet was not a young man; far from it. His hair was silvery gray, so also were the side-whiskers, worn "mutton-chop" shape, in the English style, which fringed his fat face. He was slightly bald, and the short hair on either side of the head stuck out, instead of lying smoothly down. This peculiarity gave him the appearance of wearing a hood of gray over his head, which was still further increased by his silver-gray whiskers.

The lawyer was a portly man in form. A sleek and placid look was upon his face. The small bluish-gray eyes had a shrewd and cunning expression.

Lysander Chubbet had never particularly distinguished himself at the bar. Indeed it was whispered that all his efforts that way when a young lawyer had been signal failures. Yet Chubbet was a prosperous lawyer; had grown very wealthy by his profession, although having an ample fortune left him by his father to start on, his enemies had said that that fact was not to be wondered at.

But Chubbet was a good lawyer in some respects. Property intrusted to his hands dwindled down amazingly, yet no one could say that lawyer Chubbet had acted dishonestly in the premises.

An anxious set of heirs, whose property had been intrusted to Lysander Chubbet's hands to settle, and who after long delay had received but fifty thousand dollars, where they had expected a hundred, at the least, had said—speaking as with one voice—that lawyer Chubbet properly should be called lawyer Grub.

Lysander merely smiled when this was repeated to him—caressed his double chin with his smooth white hand, and said in his usual calm, sedative voice:

"Young people will have their joke. It is not my fault if the law is expensive."

And so Lysander Chubbet waxed fat and rich, wore the finest of broadcloth—the whitest of linen—went to church regularly on Sunday; omitted none of the usual forms to make his neighbors believe that he was not only a wealthy but a good man, for Lysander Chubbet had a high respect for the world's opinion.

And yet, in spite of all this good behavior—this wearing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in—some men said openly and without fear, that lawyer Chubbet "was an infernal old scoundrel."

But all men are vilified. The tongue of scandal in this world spares no one.

Mr. Chubbet had been a college chum of Eben Maybury—Blanche's father—and on his death, when his will was produced, it was found that Mr. Chubbet had been appointed guardian of Blanche and the sole executor of the will.

Thus it is, in his relation to Blanche, that Lysander Chubbet is necessarily brought into our story.

It is some four days after the one on which the interview took place between Allyne Strathroy and the vagabond actor, that we visit Lysander Chubbet in his office.

The lawyer was seated in an easy-chair, gazing out, lazily, upon the crowded street beneath him.

A gentle knock resounded upon the door of the lawyer's office.

"Come in," said the lawyer, hardly turning his head, as he did not expect any special visitor. Judge of the lawyer's surprise when Blanche Maybury entered the apartment.

She was habited in a dark walking-dress and a little bow of magenta at the neck shone like a blaze of fire on the dark surface.

The lawyer instantly rose, and with that fatherly politeness that formed his chief stock in trade, offered the young lady a chair.

"I am truly rejoiced, my dear Miss Blanche, to see you in my dull office this morning. Your sweet presence lends a charm unto the scene which—" and here the lawyer paused; it was a habit of his to commence a quotation and to forget the end.

Blanche seemed ill at ease. It was evident from the expression upon her face that she had something upon her mind.

The shrewd eyes of the lawyer saw by the look upon the face of the young girl that something was the matter, and inwardly he speculated as to what it was.

"Mr. Chubbet, you are my guardian," said Blanche, so abruptly that it made the old lawyer start.

"Yes, my dear," he said, recovering from the surprise occasioned by the suddenness of the remark, "as you have said, I am your guardian; and I trust that I may be allowed to take this opportunity to remark that it is at once a pleasure—I may say a happiness—I hope I may not be considered as putting it too strong, when I say, it is a joyful happiness to be your guardian; to lead your tender feet in pleasant paths to stray to—ah—hum!" and the speaker, forgetting the end as usual, wound up his speech with a graceful wave of his fat white hand.

"You know all about my father's will," said Blanche, with a troubled air.

The lawyer started; the mention of the will did not please him.

"Ah, yes—of course," he said, after a moment's pause, as if he had been considering what to say. "I suppose that I may say without fear of contradiction, that I do know all about your father's will, my dear." Then, in an undertone, he muttered to himself, while his shrewd little eyes watched

the flushed face of the young girl anxiously, "What the deuce is she driving at?"

"I was quite a child when my father died, if you remember—she said, with some hesitation.

"Yes, my dear, I do remember. You were a lovely flower born to blush unsee—No! no!—ah, well. As I was saying, you were a child." And the lawyer, smiling benignantly upon the fair girl before him, looked like a great ape; the gray hood of hair giving him that expression.

"And, of course," she said, continuing her speech, "I do not remember exactly how my father's will read."

"Of course—it is natural," said Chubbet, with another beaming smile, although in his heart he did not like the way the conversation was tending, for he hadn't an idea where it might end.

"There are one or two points in my father's will upon which I want information," said Blanche, speaking with an effort, and a deep blush overspreading her face.

Chubbet opened his little eyes in wonder.

He was getting more and more astonished.

"My dear young lady," he said, in his smoothest and softest tone, although he was far from being pleased, "I am perfectly fa-

miliar with your father's will. I think I can give you any information you desire in regard to it."

For a few moments Blanche was silent. She was evidently considering what to say. The old lawyer watched her with growing uneasiness.

"If I remember right," said Blanche, at length, "your father's property is held in trust by you for me, until I reach my twenty-first year."

"Yes, my dear," said Chubbet, with a bland smile, "and I assure you that I have taken the greatest care of that trust. It has been sacred to me, and here the lawyer laid his hand upon his heart. "It has been as sacred as—well, as any thing that ought to be sacred. If you would like to look over the books and see the manner in which I have invested your funds—"

"Oh, no!" cried Blanche, quickly.

The lawyer felt relieved. He was afraid that his accounts were to be examined, and though he had them in splendid shape and not to be easily questioned, still he was a little nervous and really feared the examination of Blanche more than he would that of a dozen lawyers.

"Is there any further information?" he inquired.

"Yes," Blanche answered, after a moment's pause. "If I remember rightly, you are to remain my guardian until my twenty-first year; then I am to have my property—" and the girl paused.

"On one condition," said Chubbet, in his usual mild tone, finishing Blanche's speech.

"And that is?" Blanche put the question, although she knew what the answer would be.

"That you marry Allyne Strathroy," said the lawyer. "Your father and Allyne's were boys together. It was the great desire of his life that when you grew old enough, you should marry the son of his lifelong friend. That is the reason that that clause was inserted in the will. Your father knew that young ladies sometimes take strange fancies, and he resolved, if possible, to insure your marriage with Allyne."

"But, supposing that, from any cause whatsoever, I can not fulfill my part of the contract," said Blanche, slowly, "supposing that I should refuse to marry Mr. Allyne Strathroy?"

The lawyer started in amazement. He could hardly believe his ears. He knew very well that Blanche and Allyne were devoted lovers. The strange words of the young girl astonished him. What could they mean?

"But, my dear," he said, after he had, in a measure, recovered from his amazement, "there are really no grounds for supposing any such thing. It is altogether improbable."

"But, supposing such a thing should happen," said the young girl, "what then?"

"Why, in the event of your refusing to carry out your father's behest, all the estate goes to found a public library in the city of New York. But, my dear child, why do you put such questions?" asked Chubbet, his curiosity excited by the strange conduct of the young girl.

Blanche did not seem to heed his question.

"Then, if I refuse to marry Allyne Strathroy, I am a beggar," the girl said, slowly.

"Well—that is—yes—yes, if you put it that way," said Chubbet, who couldn't make head or tail of the girl's strange questions. "But there's no danger of that, I know, my dear," he continued. "It will be a regular love-match. I am sure I never saw two young people that seemed so devoted to each other."

"Do you think so?" said Blanche, with a tinge of bitterness in her voice. "Yet, while I live, I will never be the wife of Allyne Strathroy."

CHAPTER X.

BLANCHE'S REASON.

The lawyer gazed at the fair young girl with open mouth, and in a state of complete astonishment. Recovering at length from his surprise, he spoke:

"My dear Miss Blanche, is it possible?—that is, did I understand you rightly?—did you say that you can never be—?" and the lawyer paused.

"That I can never be the wife of Allyne Strathroy?" said Blanche, taking up the unfinished sentence and completing it; "yes, that's what I said."

Again the lawyer surveyed his fair client with an air of bewilderment.

"But, really," he said, "this is so unexpected—so totally unlooked for. As your guardian, my dear child, may I take the liberty of asking what is the reason of this strange determination?"

"I can not tell you," replied Blanche, quietly.

"Oh!" Lawyer Chubbet was puzzled. He stroked his double-chin; pulled first one whisker and then the other. But, it was all in vain; no relief came to his bewildered brain.

"But, really, Miss Blanche, you must allow me to say that this determination of yours is a most extraordinary one. You and Allyne always seemed to be very fond of one another. In fact, I do not think I am putting it too strong, when I say that you were devoted lovers."

"Yes," responded Blanche, a slight crimson hue mantling her white temples, "we were in love with each other, I do not deny it."

"Were?" exclaimed Chubbet, still more astonished. "Were?" he repeated; "do you mean to affirm that such a state of affairs no longer exists?"

"I do," replied Blanche, simply and honestly.

"But the reason?" persisted the lawyer; "but you and Allyne quarreled?"

"No!" responded the girl.

"No? But I do not understand."

"Neither do I," sighed Blanche.

"What?" Chubbet, before astonished,

was now literally confounded.

"My dear Miss Blanche," said the old lawyer, as soon as he could collect his thoughts and recover from the astonishment into which he had been thrown; "it is now in possession of your seines?"

"I think I am," replied Blanche, with a quiet smile.

"But, really, I do not understand this in the least," said the puzzled lawyer. "You and Allyne have been from childhood together; it has always been understood that you and he were to be married. You never before have evinced any disinclination to the match; yet now you come, without warning, without apparently any good reason—I trust I am not putting it too strong when I say without any reason whatever—and inform me that you can never be Allyne's wife. My dear Miss Blanche, you have always appeared to me to be a young lady of great natural common sense; in fact, a superior young lady, and I must say, this determination of yours surprises me—in fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, it astounds me; I am bewildered—in a maze. If you and Allyne

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"there's another letter; read it, for the daylight is almost gone!"

The prisoner started, cast a look of gratitude at the old man, and said:

"Yes, Ben, my dear friend; I have not forgotten; and, Ben, bend your ear closer, and let me tell you—I must be gone!" He said the last words in a deep whisper.

Old Ben gazed with amazement at his friend, over whom so wondrous a change had so suddenly come. But he replied:

"Of course, my boy, and by the eternal pillars! say the word, and you shall go at any time! I know—"

"Enough, Ben, and now I'll read the other letter. Good heavens! I had not noticed it! Her writing! Wait, Ben, and expect news!"

He tore open the envelope, snatched the faintly-traced half-sheet from within, and at a glance had read it.

"Thank God! thank God!" he murmured, "and she—an angel in heaven not purer—exonerates me! God stand by her and me! Now, at last, daylight appears, and—"

Rising, he strode several times up and down the room—old Ben, almost aghast with wonderment, watching him the while. Again, and this time almost defiantly, he cast his burning eyes up at the grated half-window, so high above him.

"My only chance!" he muttered, "and it shall not fail me! I'll go; I'll right this wrong; right myself, and then I'll be gone!"

"Ben," he said, in a low voice, "the last letter concerns you. Nay, speak not. It concerns you only in this way: work in the cause of humanity is expected of you."

"And was I ever backward, Tom, when such work was needed?" and the old man trembled with the infectious excitement. "What is it? Speak, my boy, and count on me!" he continued, laying his large, brawny hand on his "boy's" shoulder, as if to add force to his words.

But, Tom Worth did not reply at once; he was again glancing at the grated window above him, and measuring the damp, cozy wall with his eye.

"Ben," at length he said, in the same low tone, tremulous with excitement—the excitement of hope, "Ben, are your muscles in good condition? Can you, as of old, bend two iron bars, with a blow of your fist? Can you now lift a thousand pounds, dead-weight, with your shoulders?" and he still kept his eyes on the grated window.

"Ay? Try me, my boy! I can do more—yes, by the eternal pillars, I can even, as child's play, tear out that iron grating up there!"

As he spoke these words significantly, he bent his sinewy right arm, until the gorgeously swelling muscles of that arm burst asunder, the binding jacket-sleeve, and glowed with a dull-white luster in the gloom of the cell.

"Tis all right! I believe you, Ben!" said the young man, in the same low tone, with an air of satisfaction; "but, Ben, from that window to the floor is twelve feet."

"You are right; Tom, and a two-inch manilla rope can be bought for ten cents, long enough to reach that distance, and strong enough to bear an ox," was the significant reply.

"Tis very good, Ben; you understand me, well. Then, there is work for both of us. Listen well, Ben, for time flies, and your half-hour is almost gone. Listen, and let not your left ear hear what I say to the right!"

Then ensued a rapid, earnest conversation, in an underbreath, during which old Ben never stirred muscle, or uttered a word in denial or objection. The jailer's steps were heard coming. Old Ben sprung to his feet.

"It shall be done, my boy! God is in it, and we can not fail! The right-hand tower of the Cathedral will do, and, my boy, we'll work together!"

"Time's up, sir," called the jailer.

"Yes, sir; right away," replied the old miner, buttoning his coat. "Good-by, Tom. Pleasant dreams, and a good sleep! and, maybe, we'll see one another to-morrow!" With that he went out, and Tom Worth was again alone.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RED LIGHTS.

The shades of a dark, misty, disagreeable night had fallen upon the city. The lamps had long since been lit. The streets were being rapidly deserted, and the flaming shop-windows were going out into darkness one by one.

They were soon hid, however, in the friendly gloom of an alley, and at length entered Bedford avenue. Turning at once to the left, they began the ascent of that steep thoroughfare.

"Walk up, Teddy; come closer! I want to speak a few final words with you."

"Yes, boss, I am here," said the man, panting from exhaustion.

"I have seen a strange shape, Teddy, hanging around my cabin, of late," said the first speaker. "I saw it last night for the

third time, and I am not mistaken. It was a heavy, stalwart man. He did not see me, yet, it was evident, he was watching about the house. Here let us stop; we are far enough," he said, suddenly, "and I am blown, too!"

They seated themselves on a large stone post, thrown by the roadside.

"And I, too, boss, for we have come at a slashing stride. I am willing to rest, especially as you say there is still work before us to-night."

"Yes, Teddy; there is work." The house

I am sure is suspected and watched—why,

and by whom, I do not know. The girl

must be removed; you and I must do it,

and do it quietly, and then before the dawn

of day, the furniture must be brought away.

Have the carriage ready by half-past one o'clock. There will be no prowlers

then. By a smart drive to the 'Shimley'

—for it is there I shall take her—you see

I can return soon, and get the wagon. I'll

help you, and one load will take all. The

truth is, Teddy, we are in a scrape!"

"We, boss! Why I—"

"Yes, we; for you are implicated as much

as I am—more so, too; and so it would

seem in a court of justice!"

The other made no reply; he acquiesced

quietly in the decision of his companion.

"I'll do my part, boss," at length he

said, "but, I hope you'll pay me to-night,

for you, say you'll be gone for a while."

"Do you not trust me, Teddy? How-

ever, 'tis nothing; it shall be you—that

is, one hour and a half from this time.

You can conceal the carriage in the hollow,

to the left of the street, you know; you

have done so before. Meet me then, and I

will pay you. And now be off, for you have

no time to lose. I will hurry home and

fix up a few things."

The men at once separated—one returning

down the avenue, the other striking

across the lower end of Cliff Hill toward

the Alleghany river.

"Ben," at length he said, in the same

low tone, tremulous with excitement—the

excitement of hope, "Ben, are your musi-

cles in good condition? Can you, as of

old, bend two iron bars, with a blow of

your fist? Can you now lift a thousand

pounds, dead-weight, with your shoul-

ders?" and he still kept his eyes on the

grated window.

We will return for a brief season to the

cell of Tom Worth.

When old Ben had gone, the prisoner

arose, and, approaching the grating above

him, drew the letters out from his bosom,

and perused them leisurely again. Then

he glanced about him. He rapidly gathered

together all the papers which he had written

from time to time since he had been in

prison. He tore them to fragments, bit by

bit, and flung them under the mattress.

Then he gathered up the few articles of

wearing apparel he had with him, and put

them on, one by one. Seating himself so

as to front the grated window, he stretched

his limbs out lazily, and letting his head

fall upon his breast, seemed to court

slumber.

One of these singular letters we can not

now lay before the reader—we mean the

letter bearing on its envelope a foreign

stamp. But the other, the briefer one, ran

thus:

MY DEAR FRIEND, for such I know you to be—I have learned all! I know you are innocent of the crime of which you are charged, as you were bold and fearless in saving me that terrible night from certain destruction! Merest chance has given me an opportunity to write to you. God in his mercy grants that the chance will prove availing. I know you have a staunch friend in Ben Walford; from what I have

read of him, I know he can be trusted. I am kept as a prisoner in a house on a high hill, and within the city limits. Where, I can

not exactly say. Tell your friend, the old miner, to go to some eminence and watch all around him to-morrow night—watch in every direction—and let the hour be half-past one o'clock. At that hour, if he keeps his eyes well about him, he will see some

flaming balls of red light floating on the air somewhere. Let him mark well the spot, and hasten thither, for I am there! The rest I leave to him. I can write no more. I long to be free, that you may be. God bless you, as my preserver!

GRACE HARLEY."

The night grew on; the darkness became

more intense.

Tom Worth still sat with his head bowed

on his breast; his heavy, regular breathing

told that he was sleeping soundly.

Twelve o'clock rung out.

Suddenly, and before the vibrations from

the neighboring clangor had ceased

to thrill in the air, Tom started in his

chair. A distant, faint, ticking sound caught

his ear; it came from the grated window

above.

The prisoner slowly arose and gave a

faint whistle. It was answered immediately

from above. Then the young man stood

silently awaiting.

He distinctly heard the heavy, labored breathing, as of a strong man doing

work which taxed his strength to the utmost.

With bated breath he waited.

Suddenly the loose rubbish and mortar

from above rolled down into the cell, and a cold gust of wind blew in.

The grated window was entirely removed!

A moment after, a stout hempen cord

was cast noiselessly down into the cell

through the open window. The prisoner

clutched it as a drowning man grasps a

slender straw.

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a slashing stride. I am willing to rest,

especially as you say there is still work

before us to-night."

"Yes, Teddy; there is work." The house

I am sure is suspected and watched.

But they lost no time. They turned at once, walked a few rods, sprung over the iron railing lightly, and stood in the street, now silent and deserted.

They crossed Fifth avenue, and when they had reached the somber shadow of the towering Cathedral they paused.

"Here's the place!" said the old miner, in a low tone; "and, my boy, 'tis a giddy climb outside of the steeple on that high scaffolding. Thank God that 's there!

It's an awful risky business on such a night as this. Yet the top of that steeple is the

only place that will serve us; it is high enough!"

"Yes, Ben, and we must climb it, come

Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1870.

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hunting the other day it was with the full understanding that I was to kill all the squirrels and he to carry them, and one of the flasks—I carried the other that held the powder. He didn't know enough about a gun to tell whether the stock went off or the barrel, and even asked me why I didn't fetch more ramrods; he thought I shot them. He was a member in the Reserves during the late lamented war, and that accounts for it.

He never shot off a gun in his life but once, and then he didn't intend to do it, but he ran against a string which his neighbor had no business to stretch before his chicken-coop, and his limp is quite picturesque.

We took a deck of cards along so we would be sure of game, of some kind or other, and hadn't got well into the woods when I saw a squirrel walking leisurely up a tree, picking his teeth with a splinter; this excited me, and Gribbs told me not to point that gun at his head, as they might both go off at the same time, and he had some little debts that he shouldn't like to leave, as he had had them so long. Then I rested the gun on a sapling, felt sorry for the squirrel, and fired. It stopped, and looked down at me as if the report had shocked it. I told Gribbs to keep his eye on him, and hold him there till I loaded up again, which I deliberately proceeded to do by putting the shot in first, a layer of powder, and another layer of shot, and forgetting to take the ramrod out I took another rest and fired, but the gun didn't go off, and the squirrel did. Gribbs said if I'd unlock it it might go, but when I turned the gun up it ran out very easily. In the next hour we saw no less than one squirrel, but he was gone in a minute like a dish of last night's ice cream. I was very well aware that if we had no gun every bush would be full of them.

Gribbs said he couldn't see why they didn't come out, as they stood no chance to be disturbed in the least.

A flock of partridges rising suddenly scared us, but after we ran a hundred yards we got well over it. A woodpecker rapping on a tree took us back a little, but didn't take us back over sixty yards.

What a lonesome feeling gets over a man in the woods! Not being a woodsmen I couldn't get over it, but if we had any one to protect us I wouldn't have felt half so bad.

We sat down and took a rest, and heard the birds sing, and watched the musketeers chasing chicken-hawks; and Gribbs emptied his game-bag and counted the game, and found we hadn't any at all—only the bottle, and the little wasn't very long in that for he had a better lip for that than eye for game. Gribbs, before, was so glad that he came, that he wished he was at home, and his face was covered over with shame. Suppose, now, Mrs. A. happens to be removing the dust from the window with her pocket-handkerchief at the moment young Spudie is passing; won't Miss Pry who lives opposite, and is near-sighted, declare to every one that she saw Mrs. A. making signals to young S., and won't Mr. A. scream, "Divorce, madam; divorce!" in poor innocent Mrs. A.'s ears? and when Mrs. A. goes home to mamma won't all the neighbors say: "How much misery Miss Pry has saved poor A.?" Yes, they will; and Miss Pry will continue to flatten her nose against the window-pane in hopes to blight some other couple. Perhaps Miss Pry meant no wrong in the first place; she threw the frying-pan, and it hurt her not, although it sullied Mrs. A.'s reputation for life. Miss Fry is no imaginary character; she lives in every city—has a home in town, country and village—and between you and me, she won't remove until the days are fifty hours long.

If a person writes a book and has an enemy for a reviewer, will that book live on its own merits despite of unjust criticism? You can say "yes" as long as you have a mind to, but I can't believe it. If we have offended any one, or he us, and we get hold of a book he has written don't we read every line in hopes to find a flaw, or to prove the moral an evil one, and say to others, as well as to ourselves, "Well, if I couldn't write better than that I'd give up?"

Take, for instance, a poor invalid really in want of more sympathy than medicine, sitting at an open window in summer, and inhaling the aroma of the flowers or new-mown hay: don't you suppose ten out of every twelve who pass that window will exclaim: "Laziness, nothing but laziness," and that little three-syllabled word will be carried on the wind, and reach ear after ear until people will say: "Well, laziness hasn't have any of my fine grapes or other choice fruits?"

I agree with you, my friend, that laziness is a hideous disease, but I don't say every one I see idle is lazy. If I do I hadn't ought to. Haven't you seen people almost ready to drop with fatigue, and throw your frying-pan at them in the shape of an unkind word, or by saying: "Well, if you had as much as I have to do you'd drop down dead!"

I have often thought my own burdens hard until I seen others harder worked and poorer paid, and I resolved to put away the frying-pan until I saw some better occasion to use it. And I've been thankful ever afterward that I did so, and there are a couple less people unsatisfied in its contact.

But, the real true bona fide frying-pan is bad company. Nothing injures, sullics or hurts one more than it. Young man or young woman, let me talk to you like a grandfather or grandmother.

The truest saying (out of Scriptural ones, of course,) is that "A man is known by the company he keeps." You may be good as custard-pie, as sweet as maple sugar, and as pure as the "Beautiful Snow," and yet, if you associate with those upon

and my hat, he let me out, and then Gribbs came up looking very much surprised, and like he had been asleep somewhere.

Then we started back, and were soon two lost Babes in the Woods, with not a Robin in sight; so we took lodgings under a tree, which were not altogether on the European plan, as we had no bed-bugs, but we had plenty of wood-tick, and when Gribbs got through talking about bears, Indians, and other kangaroos, we fell into a gentle slumber but didn't hurt ourselves.

I may add, the squirrel was stupefied and presented to the Smithsonian Institute; and any one desiring instructions in hunting will please address the undersigned with stamps, and the necessary information will be sent sealed and securely corked.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

A BLOW FROM A FRYING-PAN, THOUGH IT DOES NOT HURT, IT BULLIES.—Spanish proverb.

The Spaniard who concocted that proverb was a genius, and if he were living now I'd invite him to an oyster-supper, and give him a welcome at the same time. Spanish frying-pans may be made of very light material for aught I know, but I have my doubts as to their not hurting. We won't dispute about that, as we are assured of their sullying. The frying-pans of real life are those cold, cutting words that are so often spoken of us. I'd rather have a good sound whipping any day than have people pester and scold at me. Hadn't you?

But, I'll tell you where the sort of frying-pans I have reference to most abound: it is in what is styled "good society." Many a good woman's reputation has been sullied there, and just a slight hint or an *inuendo* has caused others to think of some fair lily as though she was the vilest of the vile; and when her reputation has been blackened, "society" will say, "I never thought her *much*," when this very society dragged her down to where she now is.

Supposing a person is not all we should think he or she ought to be, hadn't we better look on the brighter side and think the goodness outweighs the ill?

If we can't speak well of any one we should keep our tongue between our teeth. But for *mercy's sake*, don't hint and leave people in the dark as to what your real meaning is. "Speak out boldly, or not at all." People do love to pick a person to pieces, and it is as great a treat to them as the bones of a chicken would be to a hungry dog. Suppose, now, Mrs. A. happens to be removing the dust from the window with her pocket-handkerchief at the moment young Spudie is passing; won't Miss Pry who lives opposite, and is near-sighted, declare to every one that she saw Mrs. A. making signals to young S., and won't Mr. A. scream, "Divorce, madam; divorce!" in poor innocent Mrs. A.'s ears?

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People do love to pick a person to pieces, and it is as great a treat to them as the bones of a chicken would be to a hungry dog. Suppose, now, Mrs. A. happens to be removing the dust from the window with her pocket-handkerchief at the moment young Spudie is passing; won't Miss Pry who lives opposite, and is near-sighted, declare to every one that she saw Mrs. A. making signals to young S., and won't Mr. A. scream, "Divorce, madam; divorce!" in poor innocent Mrs. A.'s ears?

and when Mrs. A. goes home to mamma won't all the neighbors say: "How much misery Miss Pry has saved poor A.?"

Yes, they will; and Miss Pry will continue to flatten her nose against the window-pane in hopes to blight some other couple.

Perhaps Miss Pry meant no wrong in the first place; she threw the frying-pan, and it hurt her not, although it sullied Mrs. A.'s reputation for life.

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WHERE ARE THE ROSES?

BY LIZZIE DENNY.

Oh what has become of the beautiful roses
That were lately so blooming and gay?
Who whisper, ye winds, of the spot that incloses
Their forms, that ye wore in your bosom away.
Or had you no pity, for the dear tree that bore them,
That you torn them so ruthlessly out of her arms?
Or is it a merciful love, to adore them?
To such a degree, as to feast on their charms?
I asked of the zephyr to tell me the words,
That he used to entice them away.
From the trembling bush, and the dear little birds
Who thrilled them sweet songs every day.
But the soft summer wind ran over the hills,
Gently kissing the bees 'mid the clover,
Just stooping to fan the calm brows of the rill,
And ripple their smooth surface over.

GUY SMYTHE,
The Reporter.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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me that the remark of the stranger to the baggage-master concerned me, so I kept my eyes upon the two.

Then the baggage-master pointed out something to the stranger; and from where I stood that something seemed to be my carpet-bag. The stranger, after looking at it carefully, jumped over the counter again and came out into the waiting-room.

A feeling of apprehension took possession of me. I kept my eyes on the stranger. He joined two other men who were standing together in one corner of the room, said a few words to them, then carelessly walked away. In a moment or two the two men that he had spoken to turned their attention to me. The care with which they watched me was perfectly alarming. It was done so nicely, too. I probably shouldn't have noticed it at all, if I hadn't been put on my guard by the actions of the first stranger at the baggage-counter.

I couldn't understand it at all, unless the three were thieves and had selected me as a victim; and I must say that three uglier, hang-dog-looking fellows I never set eyes upon.

But I made up my mind that they should not take me unawares, so I kept my eyes upon them.

Then the doors were thrown open as a signal that the train was ready.

I took my place in one of the cars. As I had expected, the three fellows were all in my car. One was before me, another behind me, and the third right opposite. This was a pursuit with a vengeance.

Away went the cars, and all the way to Mount Vernon the three fellows kept their eyes upon me. Having penetrated their design I did not feel particularly alarmed; besides, I felt pretty sure that they would hardly dare to attack me in broad daylight.

But, why on earth they should make me the object of such a persistent pursuit, I could not guess. I was not dressed particularly well—we reporters don't get astonishing salaries—and I was sure that there wasn't anything in my personal appearance that would be likely to lead any one to suspect that I had any thing very valuable about me.

In due time Mount Vernon was reached. I left the car, but the three never stirred. I came to the conclusion that they had given up the chase, and I must say that I felt thankful for the prospect of a hand-to-hand encounter with three such ugly-looking desperadoes was not particularly pleasant.

I got my carpet-bag and started for Mr. Greenup's residence. It was only a short distance from the depot. A walk of a few minutes brought me to it.

Father and daughter received me with open arms.

"We are just sitting down to dinner," said the old gentleman, "but we'll delay it until you fix yourself. I suppose you want to wash off the dust. Josy, show Mr. Smythe to his room."

And so Josy conducted me to a bedroom, right on the ground-floor and with windows looking into the garden.

"This is to be your room, Mr. Smythe," she said, with one of her charming smiles. "There's a bouquet of flowers that I picked with my own hand; I hope you'll appreciate it."

"Can you doubt that?" I asked, with a meaning glance that brought more roses into her cheeks than she had put into the bouquet.

"Don't be long," she said, retreating in confusion.

After she was gone I opened the carpet-bag, intending to get out another coat, for the one I was wearing was far too heavy for the warm June day. But as I opened the carpet-bag I was astonished. I took from that bag, first, a large chisel, then a small saw, then a bunch of skeleton keys, and, lastly, a good-sized revolver.

The truth flashed upon me in an instant. I had got hold of a burglar's kit. The shabbily-dressed fellow who had acted so strangely at the depot in the city had changed carpet-bags with me, either through accident or design.

It was destined to be a day of surprises to me, for as I stood, lost in astonishment, holding the revolver in my hand and the tools of the burglar lying in a heap at my feet, through the open window from the garden came the three fellows who had watched me, first in the depot and afterward in the cars.

It was a bold attack. Mechanically—for I was totally bewildered by the sudden onslaught—I leveled the revolver at them. It went off, how I don't exactly know, for I hadn't the remotest idea that it was loaded and I don't remember cocking it, but some way—as I have said—it went off. Assailant No. 1 went over on his back with a howl of mortal anguish. I had evidently hit him somewhere. Then the other two flung themselves upon me. I struggled desperately, as any man would struggle when assaulted by such desperate ruffians.

Over we went in a heap on the little table, then the table gave way with a crash and we went on to the floor. Such a free fight I never saw before or since. The members of the Greenup household, alarmed, rushed into the room.

"What's the matter?" cried the old gentleman, in dismay.

"Oh Guy!" came from the white lips of Josephine.

By this time, despite my heroic resistance, the three ruffians—for the first one, who had only got a revolver bullet in his shoulder, had come to the assistance of his comrades—had managed to get the best of me, and now held me helpless to the floor and sat on me to keep me quiet.

"We've got him!" cried No. 1, slipping a pair of handcuffs on my wrists.

"Got who?" exclaimed the old gentleman, in utter amazement.

"Why, 'Slim Jim' the burglar," replied the fellow who had handcuffed me; "don't you see his tools?" and he pointed to the contents of the carpet-bag.

"What?" yelled Greenup, in consternation.

"Oh!" shrieked Josephine, and then she fainted in the arms of the cook, who took occasion to enliven the scene with a series of heart-rending howls.

"We're detective officers—we've tracked this fellow by his carpet-bag," continued the officer; "he's good for five years at Sing Sing."

And in spite of my remonstrances the officers carried me into town.

In New York, of course, I easily proved my identity and explained the change of the carpet-bags.

I was released, much to the disgust of the detectives.

The real Slim Jim was not caught. He had profited by the mistake, that threw the officers on my track, to make his way out of the reach of the agents of justice.

The unfortunate affair cost me a wife, for the charming Josephine never forgot the fright that I had been unlucky enough to cause, and took a dislike to me from that day forth.

I am still a reporter, and still in the market, as far as the matrimonial line is concerned.

How She Thwarted Them.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"He sha'n't do such a nonsensical thing! depend upon it, a stain never shall come on the proud old name of Lynn-Gordon if I can help it."

Any one would have seen how angrily earned Mrs. Jay Lynn-Gordon was; her cheeks flushed to carmine brightness, her eyes fairly dancing with emotional rage.

She was a noble-looking woman, proud to excess foolishness of her own and husband's name—she had been a Lynn-Gordon before she married her cousin Jay; generous in every respect save this overweening pride of name, and a very handsome, intelligent woman.

It was very seldom Mrs. Jay Lynn-Gordon was in a passion, and the few occasions were invariably from the same cause. But, this time her wrath rose mountains higher than ever before; and had she not a good reason, a reason that would have made any mother vexed even where family pride were not in the question?

"It is simply outrageous, Augusta," and Mrs. Lynn-Gordon's heavy silk—you never caught her in any thing less elegant than a gros-grain—rustled in sympathetic complaint.

She had spoken to her daughter, a beautiful girl, not yet nineteen, who inherited her mother's proud hauteur, and the far-famed Lynn-Gordon beauty; a tall, graceful girl, with peachy cheeks, a ripe red mouth, and delicious purple-black eyes, long and dreamy, like the tins of her hair, that was full of little rippling waves.

"You surely are not lending a tacit approval by your silence, Augusta?"

Mrs. Lynn-Gordon spoke in her most icy tones.

Augusta glanced up; a rapid, surprised light springing to her dark, oriental eyes.

"I approve of it? I consent to the dreadful sacrifice of seeing my only brother Gordon married to a common school-teacher?

Mrs. Lynn-Gordon was a gentle, ladylike girl, not at all like the Lynn-Gordons; but, very like the handsome, independent son.

Gordon and Lela Adrian had become very good friends from the very first, while mere

children.

"Ora, my darling, I am twenty-five years of age; I had a fortune from my deceased father; I love you. Will you re-promise to be my bride?"

He was looking straight at her, and her cheeks flushed under his loving scrutiny.

"I would, but—"

"No 'buts.' Will you?"

"Gordon, I love you so. Yes."



HOW SHE THWARTED THEM.

and sour looked on in delight at the growing intimacy.

Mrs. Lynn-Gordon attributed the good result to her extra management of Oraie Barton; and Augusta wondered if Gordon had been influenced by Gordon's eloquence. He plead right skillfully for my consent. He need not ask it again; he never need expect to marry Oraie Barton—a common village school-teacher! Oh, oh, the boy has gotten rid of his sonse!

Mrs. Lynn-Gordon's costly lace handkerchief was brought into requisition.

"Mamma," said Augusta, after a silence, "has Gordon ever seen Miss Adrian yet?"

She is very beautiful, very charming. Perhaps she would enchant him so that he would forget that Oraie Barton; and you surely would not object to a marriage with General Adrian's daughter?"

"Like him, Augusta? I think he is very elegant and agreeable."

"Of course he is," returned the sister, proudly. "When ever was there a Lynn-Gordon that was not? But, I mean—I hoped you had fallen in love with him. I want a sister ever so bad, Lela."

Oraie smiled now at Lela's blushing cheeks.

"Oh, Gussie, pray do not mention such a thing. I'm sure Mr. Lynn-Gordon would despise me if he thought I was maneuvering to secure him. And, indeed, Augusta, I wouldn't do it."

While little Oraie Barton was dreaming of her lover, he and gentle Lela Adrian were arranging their plans.

"Mother, will you sanction our betrothal?"

Gordon Lynn-Gordon and Lela Adrian, her sweet face covered with blushes, before the haughty matron. A cry of exultant delight broke from her.

"I delightedly give it. Heaven bless you, my son, my daughter."

Gordon smiled brightly up in her face as she spoke.

"And, if Lela were to become suddenly poor—if she were to lose—"

"But she'll be able to keep her good heart and sweet face! They've won me, Gordon."

"And you, Gussie, will accept her for your sister?"

Augusta kissed her warmly.

"And now, mother, Lela, and Gussie: suppose we have a quartette in the music-room?"

He gave Lela his arm, and his mother and sister followed.

It was a spacious saloon, covered with soft pink plush carpet; with a grand piano, an organ, and several smaller musical instruments scattered about in graceful confusion.

A letter lay open before her—or rather a note; with a dreamy, mechanical sort of manner she took it up, and reread it, in a low undertone:

"Miss Oraie Barton will be good enough to cease her maneuvers to attract my son,

on the wall, and a small marble *console* stood between the windows.

After several songs, Lela begged to be excused a moment, and Gordon escorted her to the door, then returned. Mrs. Lynn-Gordon and Augusta were standing near the window as Gordon came up to her.

"Mother, sister, I have a slight surprise in store for you. Are you ready for it? It is a life-size portrait of my future wife, whom you have both agreed to love and accept."

He stepped to a portrait that hung on the wall, and drew it slowly away. There, in her sweet, grave and pleading beauty was Oraie Barton—not a picture, but her own veritable self, standing in the niche Gordon had prepared.

Mother and daughter sprang back in horrified alarm.

"Gordon, what does this mean?"

"Read that."

She laid her dainty little hand on his arm, a moment, then turned away to the window.

An exclamation of anger escaped him; he dashed down the note and envelope, and went over to her.

"She is my mother, Ora, or I would say what I think. But, Ora, my own true, darling little betrothed, do you dream I care that?" and he snapped his fingers defiantly, for what that letter says? I have asked you to marry me, because I love you, darling, and because you love me. Will you allow such a trifle to disturb us?"

He smiled cheerily, and lifted her face to his breast.

"But, Gordon, she accuses me of maneuvering to secure me!"

"And so you have, dear little pet, with your shy, sweet graces."

Gordon was trying to reassure her.

"But she forbids us."

"Ora!"

Gordon confronted her—kindly a little sternly.

"Ora, my darling, I am twenty-five years of age; I had a fortune from my deceased father; I love you. Will you re-promise to be my bride?"

He was looking straight at her, and her cheeks flushed under his loving scrutiny.

"I would, but—"

"No 'buts.' Will you?"

"Gordon, I love you so. Yes."

It ended all right, after all; and Mrs. Lynn-Gordon actually discovered the Bartons were once a royal family; the great Dumbartons of Scotland.

THE BANKER'S WARD.

THE SHADOWY TERROR OF ARRANCOURT.

BY GEO. S. KAIME.

CHAPTER I.

DOCTOR JAMES MARTIN.

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DOCTOR JAMES MARTIN.

And his thoughts involuntarily took the form of words.

"How very, very beautiful you are, Meta." She started in alarm, and colored to the temples.

"You are exquisitely lovely," he added, paying no attention to her indignant looks.

She now arose to leave the room, but the doctor forcibly detained her.

"Does it then anger you so to speak of your beauty?" he sneered. "Well, I'll not mention it. But I have come for a purpose to-night." When I last honored you with a visit, you remember that I promised to come only once more. This is the time, unless, indeed, you have altered your decision."

"Which I have not," said Meta, haughtily.

"No, I did not expect it. I merely mentioned it to satisfy any little doubts I might have. But, you know, Meta, that one can not bear such disappointment without some little revenge."

Meta gave a quick, startled look, but the mocking face revealed nothing of the thoughts within.

"Tell me the worst at once!" she implored.

But Doctor James looked coldly down into the pallid, beseeching face, and went on in his own way.

"When I took you from the streets—when I took you from the woman you called mother—"

Al! how he gloried in torturing her, now that he knew that he had nothing more to hope for.

"My mother!" she whispered, reverently. "What of her? Oh! Doctor James, you have some pity? Tell me of her!"

But he had no pity. What cared he for the beautiful face upturned to his so full of supplication? What, though, she crazed what, though she died?

"When I brought you here, Meta," he went on, "it was merely an act of kindness; but, as you grew in beauty, I grew to like you. I gave you every advantage that wealth could bestow, but I have, to some extent, deprived you of your liberty. It was because of my selfish love. I wanted you all to myself. But you have rejected me; you have shown ingratitude; and now I turn you into the streets again—back into the streets where I found you into the streets—the streets! Do you hear? without a home, a name, or a friend?"

His voice had risen to an angry pitch, between a shout and a shriek, and Meta, shrinking with dread, and trembling with fear, made one desperate effort to break away from him; but his hold was firm.

"The streets—the streets!" he hissed, teeth gnashing, and great purple seams of rage athwart his face. "Into the streets, with you—mother! Ha! ha!"

"With my mother?" asked Meta, sinking her voice to a whisper, for she could not speak that name without a feeling of holy reverence. "Only tell me of her, and I can willingly, gladly leave all this wealth with which you have sought to buy my love, and go into the streets to toil with her and for her."

Doctor James gave her a look that froze all her anticipated joy to the direst dread. "Remember that it is your own seeking," said he. "But I shall require your oath that, whatever may happen, your lips shall be sealed in relation to your past life—to me—to every thing, from the moment you leave this house. You shall be as one awakening from a deep sleep, knowing nothing of the past."

"I will swear," said Meta.

He took a Bible from the table. He knew that Meta held that book sacred.

"Place your hand upon this book," said he, "and when I repeat the conditions, swear that you will faithfully abide by them."

In a mocking tone he proceeded, and Meta, holding the matter in too sacred a light to be influenced by his levity, solemnly repeated the words after him.

When it was all finished to his satisfaction, Meta looked up hopefully into his face.

"Do not keep me waiting," she implored.

He laughed derisively.

"What a pity that I have not pleasant words to whisper in your ear; but, you know I must have my little revenge. I will not harm the body. Oh, no; I do not brave the law. My revenge will strike deeper than that. It shall hang a menacing terror over you, until you are carried to your grave! It shall blast all hope, crush all pride, and burden your heart with such wretched misery, that you will call for death! You will be shunned by the good, derided by the wicked, and become a thing hateful even to yourself!"

He laughed tauntingly, and bent his malignant gaze upon Meta, who stood gazing at him, bewildered by his horrid mockery.

"Tell me!" she gasped.

And putting his lips close to her ear, he whispered his revenge.

Alas for Meta! It was like a thunderburst, which deafens and tortures, but does not kill. The muscles grew rigid; the blood seemed stagnant; the eyes were stony; the lips deathly white, and the brain in such a whirl, that she caught at the table for support.

"False as your own false heart!" she said, in a husky voice. "Satan himself could not conceive a more fiendish untruth! I will not believe it. Coward!" to

seek such revenge! Oh, take my life, but tell me that you have spoken falsely!"

"Thank you, Miss Meta, but I wish you to live and enjoy this knowledge," sneered the tormentor. "No one will strive harder to keep you out of the grave than your very sincere friend, Doctor James Martin. As for the truth of my words, my dear child, I must say that I pride myself upon my veracity."

They gazed into each other's eyes; she, with a deeper repulsion for the reptile which he had proved himself, and a sickening horror that was worse than death; and he, with a livid face, and a wicked smile on his lips, fatal as the deadly vapors.

"Sworn enemies!" he hissed, as he took a step toward her, and seized her with a vice-like grip. Then, ere she comprehended his intentions, he pressed a sponge to her mouth and nostrils, and waited until she became a dead weight in his arms.

He smiled grimly.

"Fool!" he muttered. "Does she think this is all done for paltry revenge? Let her think so!"

He raised her in his arms, and bore her out of the house to a close carriage in waiting.

"Drive! drive!" he shouted. "We have no time to waste now."

CHAPTER II.

OUT IN THE STREETS.

A good day's journey from the city was the thriving little seaport town of Willhampton. It was an everyday sort of a place, never having any excitement more startling than a traveling circus, or the capsizing of a fishing-smack; but it was destined to have a first-class sensation—a mystery of appearance and disappearance, that the shrewdest could not fathom.

In a little red cottage down by the beach, lived the widow Morehouse. Since her first appearance in Willhampton, she had led a quiet, secluded life, holding no intercourse with her neighbors, and only venturing abroad long enough to purchase the few necessities that her simple mode of life required. As a consequence, she was looked upon with some suspicion; but she ignored all this, and went on in her own quiet way, biding her time to make plain the mystery which shrouded her life.

But one morning the postman knocked in vain at the little red cottage. It was something so unusual for her to be away, that he thought it worthily of note; but he had no time to waste; so he slipped the letter under the door, and passed on, telling, wherever he went, that the widow Morehouse was not at home.

The grocer came along for his weekly order, and found the house still closed; and the baker was forced to carry his steaming rolls back to the cart and drive on.

As no one had seen her leave the house, her absence excited much comment; and toward evening a consultation was held by those in the immediate vicinity of the widow's home. They decided that something ought to be done, and notified the constable, who seemed to be the only public officer within reach.

He shook his head mysteriously, and walking over to the cottage, as he was in duty bound to do, beat a tattoo upon the door, which would have roused half the neighborhood, had they not been already wide awake. There was no response, and he tried again. Yet all was silent within the house, save the echoing of his thundering raps.

Then he turned to the crowd that had gathered, and made more particular inquiries; but he elicited no further information, except that one man was very positive that some time in the night he heard a carriage drive up and go away again.

"Well, my friends," said the constable, putting on a very knowing face, which became him, "well, it is my belief that there has been foul play here, and I feel it my duty to burst in the door. Bring me a crowbar."

The required lever was soon placed in his hands, and after a short speech to the admiring crowd, in which he dwelt largely upon his duty, he forced an entrance.

He appeared almost immediately, and to have answered all the questions put to him would have required a wiser head than his. But he was equal to the occasion. With a majestic wave of the hand, he commanded silence, and called for his wife.

The good woman was near at hand, and with a pardonable pride, soon disappeared within the mysterious portals of the red cottage.

Again the constable came to the door, and called for a doctor, "without delay."

The half-frantic people now crowded the man at the door so hard that he was obliged to call for assistance; and when the doctor arrived, he found much difficulty in reaching the house.

He had heard all that was known of the affair, and exhibited as much curiosity as any of them; but he was not prepared for what he saw. Instead of the ghastly form of the widow Morehouse, writhing in her blood, he found, lying on the bed, the insensible form of a beautiful girl.

"You know not what you are saying, my dear friend. I must not listen to you. I will go away in the morning, and you must forget that you ever saw me."

"Oh, will you?" exclaimed Meta, joyfully. Then the old look of despair came back to her face.

"You know not what you are saying, my dear friend. I must not listen to you. I will go away in the morning, and you must forget that you ever saw me."

"We will wait until morning comes, dear."

"Mercy! what is this?" he exclaimed, hastening to the bedside, and taking one of the limp hands in his own.

"You know as much about it as we do, doctor. Is she dead?" "Drugged. I will give her something that will soon bring her to."

The medicine had the desired effect; and the girl opened her eyes, and stared wildly about her.

"Where am I?" she asked, rising on her elbow. "Who are you?"

"We were searching for the widow Morehouse, and found you," said the constable.

"Morehouse! I know nothing of her. Have I been dreaming?"

"Probably," said the doctor. "Now, can you tell me who you are?"

"Oh, yes; I am Meta," she replied, in a dazed sort of a way.

Yes, it was Meta, turned into the streets again, without a home, a name, or a friend.

"Fool!" he muttered. "Does she think this is all done for paltry revenge? Let her think so!"

He raised her in his arms, and bore her out of the house to a close carriage in waiting.

"Drive! drive!" he shouted. "We have no time to waste now."

CHAPTER III.

THE BANKER'S WARD.

The banker was puzzled. So was Willhampton generally. Puzzled at Mrs. Morehouse's disappearance, and at Meta's no less strange appearance.

A detective came down from the city. He looked the red cottage all over; asked innumerable questions; and worried poor Meta nearly to distraction. Then he went away again. But he left his opinion, which was, that the widow went away of her own free will; and that if there was any foul play, it was in Meta's case, and must be looked up outside of Willhampton.

Yet there was the mystery. None were satisfied. The old sexton, who was supposed to know more of ghosts and transformations than any other living man, advanced a theory of his own; that the widow Morehouse was Meta in disguise, and that she would change into something else some time. Improbable as it seemed—yet stranger than that is sometimes truth—it was believed by some; while the incredulous, seeing no possible solution of the mystery, gradually dismissed the subject from their minds.

The little red cottage was locked up, and left to await the return of its owner.

All this while Meta was with her new friends, the banker and his wife. That first night had been passed in such refreshing slumber; and when the morning came, the banker and his wife would not let her go. They persuaded her to remain with them at least a week; yet she felt all the time that she was doing them a great injury.

When the week went by, she had been so much happier than she had ever dared to hope, that when Mrs. Matthews told her that she must yet stay a little longer, she said:

"You are so good to me, that I dread to go away. Where else shall I find such dear friends?"

"You must not look for them, dear Meta. Stay with us always."

And Meta again yielded to the tempting happiness.

She grew almost cheerful under the influence of the childless old peoples' love. Not that she forgot, or ever could forget, the blasting whisper of Doctor James Martin; but she put it away for the time, and gave herself up to the happiness thrust upon her.

And she grew in loveliness. In all Willhampton there was no beauty like hers. Her golden hair was a crown fit for an empress. Her deep-blue eyes, of softest luster, lost their sadness as the time passed, and beamed with love for the dear friends she had found, and kindness for all. The bracing sea air brought the color of health to her cheek, rivaling the carnation with its soft, peachy bloom. Her form was perfect; tall, graceful, even queenly in its proportions; and she moved with an ease and unaffected freedom which was the envy of half her sex. Who would guess that this regally beautiful woman was once turned into the streets?

She was the light, the life, the joy of the old mansion. Her ringing laugh, echoing through the lofty rooms, made sweetest music; and her bright face was like sunlight after the storm.

The old banker almost worshiped her. He had waited and hoped so long for a pet of his own, and now one had been given him. He would have spoiled her by his indulgence, but for her own good sense. His wife was none the less infatuated; but, while she loved the beautiful waif, she watched her with a mother's care, that no more ill should come to her. She had received her in all thankfulness, and must render a strict account of her stewardship.

Meta looked up into the kindly face of Mrs. Matthews with a hopeful smile.

"Friends! He told me that I never should have any again."

"Who, child, told you such a falsehood?"

"Oh, what have I done?" exclaimed Meta, in dismay. "Please don't ask me any more. My name is Meta, and that is all I must tell you. When are you going to drive me into the streets again?"

Mrs. Matthews held up her hands in horror.

"We are not heathens!" said she. Then she became heartily ashamed of herself, and clasping the poor child to her bosom, she said:

"Never, Meta! you shall stay with us always."

"Oh, no!" said Meta, sadly, yet nestling closer to the good woman. "That can not be. You do not know all, and I must tell you. If you will let me stay tonight, I will go away in the morning."

"No, no, my child!" said Mrs. Matthews. "Would you not like to stay with me?"

"Oh, yes; but I must not. I must go away where I can forget everything."

"Tell me your troubles," said the banker's wife, again drawing Meta to her.

"You want a friend?"

"So much, Mrs. Matthews; but even a friend I can not unburden my heart. I cannot break my promise. You will not ask me?"

"But you will tell me your name?"

"I know none but Meta."

"Strange! and you do not know how you came to be in Mrs. Morehouse's cottage?"

"I must know nothing of the past," she replied, sadly. "Only the future is open to me, and what a future!"

"Then, Meta, we take you as you are," said the banker's wife, impressed by her simplicity, that, whatever the wrong, this poor child was not to blame. "Knowing nothing—asking nothing of the past, Meta."

"Oh, will you?" exclaimed Meta, joyfully. Then the old look of despair came back to her face.

"You know not what you are saying, my dear friend. I must not listen to you. I will go away in the morning, and you must forget that you ever saw me."

"We will wait until morning comes, dear."

George Matthews was an accomplished man of the world—a cynic, mayhap, looking upon all women as so many seekers after husbands, as something to be admired for their beauty—to be tolerated for custom's sake; but as he bowed before this Meta, he felt that fulsome flattery would be out of place with her. He simply said:

"I am happy to meet you, Miss—"

The hot blood mounted to Meta's face at his hesitation, and a flush of pain, but she promptly gave him the cue.

"Meta is my name," said she, wrapping herself about with an impenetrable shield of dignity.

"You shall take mine," said the banker, quickly. "I have been quite thoughtless, But, Meta, what's in a name?" he added, playfully.

"Much in the possession," she replied, pale with inward anguish.

A Night on the River.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

GRACE MELVILLE and Edward Wyckoff were to be married. The former—daughter of a poor invalid—widow, was a beautiful girl who supported her parent and herself by work on a sewing-machine. Her modest ways and gentle brown eyes had, from the first, pleased Edward when she came to the firm in which he was clerk, to solicit employment.

The young man, good-looking and gentlemanly, was well calculated to win the love of a girl like Grace.

There was nothing effeminate in his appearance, the manliness of which was preserved by hardy exercise at the oars in a boat of his own, which it was his delight to manage, when he returned from the store to his cottage-home, situated near Newtown Creek.

A week previous to the day fixed upon for the marriage, Grace went to a 'party'—one of those social gatherings where young people derive so much innocent pleasure. It was at a friend's house in New York, and Edward was to stop there when his duties at the store should be finished for the day.

He did so. The pleasant hours flew rapidly; it was eleven o'clock, before Grace and he departed. As they left, the door-man came panting to the spot.

"Miss Melville—is she here?" he called.

Both the girl and her companion heard him. They were soon at his side. She recognized the man as a storekeeper who lived next to the house in Brooklyn occupied by herself and parent.

"For God's sake, make haste!" exclaimed he; "your mother is dying! I come to tell you! I am going on also to inform your sister in Bleeker street."

And without another word he departed.

The girl's grief almost choked her utterance. Edward called a stage and drew her in. They soon reached the Roosevelt street ferry.

There was a heavy fog on the river.

"Boats laid up for the night!" said the ferrymen.

"Oh, God!" gasped the agonized girl,

"what shall we do?"

"We must cross!" said Edward, firmly;

"cheer up, dearest—we SHALL!"

He drew her along, upon one of the wharves. In a little round-house thereon sat a rough-looking man.

"Here—for the loan of your boat to cross!" said Edward, flinging down a couple of bills.

The man grimed.

"All right," said he; "do you pull yourself? If not, I'll try to get a man."

"Can't wait!" answered Edward, as he drew his companion into the nearest boat.

He severed the warp with a knife, seized the oars, and pulled out into the river.

Then his troubles began. As said, there was a heavy fog. Edward, guessing as to the way he should go, tugged and tugged for about an hour, when he struck alongside of what he hoped was one of the Brooklyn piers.

No such thing; it was a ship at anchor.

"Boat, ahoy! who's that?" came from the deck.

"Where's Brooklyn?" screamed Edward.

"Quick, tell me!"

"You're going the wrong way. This is the New York side."

"And I thought all the time I had been pulling for Williamsburg!" cried Edward, despairingly.

"Ah, my mother—my poor mother!" wailed Grace.

Edward again seized the oars. With might and main, he pulled, this time trying to make proper allowance for the strong current.

Steamboat whistles sounded with unearthly shrillness all around him.

Splash! boong! boong! boong! came a huge steamer, looming up right ahead of him.

Narrowly he escaped being run down by this one, which almost grazed him with her paddle. Then another came thundering along—another and still another.

He saw the red, blue and green lights dimly flashing like evil eyes all around him. He was literally hemmed in by peril.

He shouted a warning with all his might, and thought he could hear a voice or two in response.

To starboard a steamboat loomed to view with machinery suspended. Her people had heard his voice.

He pulled so as to clear her, when crash! came the one with the green light, scarcely ten fathoms ahead!

"Look out there, look out!" he screamed.

"You will run me down!"

The bell rung; he knew the wheel was stopped. Too late, however. The boat struck his little vessel, crushing her like a shell.

He had, however, seized Grace round the waist, and sprung over with her, diving under water.

He came up with her under the larboard paddle-wheel. This the girl instinctively clutched. Just then, the wheel moving, she was thus pulled from his grasp—carried high above his head!

The wheel did not make an entire revolution. It turned half-way. Her's was a fearful situation. Should that wheel revolve how fearful must be her fate! She would be literally beaten to pieces!

Meanwhile the boat still moved so fast that Edward, incumbered as he was with shoes and clothing, could not catch up to it. He could still dimly see poor Grace clinging to the wheel.

Soon, however, she was out of his sight in the fog.

Wildly he shouted to those aboard not to turn their wheels, but he doubted if they heard him.

There were several minutes of fearful suspense. Then he heard the bell ring.

"Great God! they are going to reverse the engine: the wheel will go round, and Grace."

He shouted and shouted until he was hoarse; but, it seemed evident they did not hear him; for he now heard the crash of the wheels, as they spun round, and the boat backing, drew toward him.

Now he gave up all hope of poor Grace. A shudder, like ice, went through him at the thought that he might get a glimpse of the engine: the wheel will go round, and Grace."

He shouted and shouted until he was hoarse; but, it seemed evident they did not hear him; for he now heard the crash of the wheels, as they spun round, and the boat backing, drew toward him.

I have since then watched others heading the foaming torrent, making good their footing, and dash headlong into the foaming breakers that boil and hiss, and I have seen them do it with ease; but I must confess that once was enough for me, and I did not repeat the dose.

My gratitude for my escape was indeed great. My poor canoe, which I had feared was ruined, was unhurt, so that it had already escaped the two most fearful of ordeals—fire and water.

I crept on shore, made a fire and threw into it some cocoanut husks, which produced smoke enough to have choked a dozen men, but it made no impression on the blood-suckers, until about an hour or so before daylight, a light wind from the north drove them away.

It was indeed a comfort, and now at least I could lie still, and either try to sleep or think over the events of my coming adventure, which certainly seemed to swell in importance as the hours passed.

When I slept, I was tossed upon the raging sea, now mountains, high, now into the very depths of a deep and hollow gulf—but ever in the distance I could see her holding out her arms to invite me.

My heart was full to bursting, as cowering under my verdant roof, I gazed through the thick gloom at the spectral-like appearance of my little Stormy Petrel!

I had but one idea, and that was my journey.

My mind was as full of it as a boy of his first visit to the theater; but at last a dose relieved my weary brain from too much thought. It was not long I known, for when I awoke the day-dawn had chased away the myriad stars from the blue and clear heaven overhead; the insect world which had been so busy from sun on the previous day to the gray dawn, had ceased their shrill and twittering notes, and the gloomy forest shook off its somber and ghost-like hue, and dripping with the pearly drops of morn, glistened with light, while the smooth but rippling waters lauged a thousand smiles. All nature was awake, and so was I.

Determined to allow no evil influences to weigh down my spirits, I hustled about, fed my animals, put on board the last of my cargo, made my own dog Tiger enter the stern-sheets, and driving the others back, leaped in myself, and then suddenly pushed off.

But my faithful beasts were not to be deceived in this way. The she-wolf and her progeny came rushing into the water, while even my cattle looked at me with a wondering eye. But my heart was steeled against all these sentiments by one affection more powerful than any known in the world.

I struck back my followers with an oar, and saw them, in no pleasant mood, turn toward that shore where, doubtless, it seemed to them lonely to be without a master.

As for Tiger, there was a look half-wise, half-perplexed about him which was infinitely amusing.

My whole attention, however, was now given to my canoe. The wind was light and choppy, now blowing gently, then suddenly ceasing, which seemed to indicate an inclination to a change in the weather. I was all the more anxious to reach the other island, over which hung a cloud of smoke, as there did, for that matter, over mine. The water in the river was perfectly smooth, and so it was out at sea, but on the shallow bar, there was what is called a little bubble.

Having stepped my mast and placed the sail in the right position, to be drawn up at the tack I was upon; while when I went rapt full before the wind, they were made sufficiently long to let the sail belly out in front.

That to my right or left was to be pulled af, or taken forward, according to the tack I was upon; while when I went rapt full before the wind, they were made sufficiently long to let the sail belly out in front.

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THE POET.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The poet is of high degree,
But lowly for all that,
He wears a look that is divine,
And an old slouchy hat.

The very birds tune up their song
Whenever he's about;
He drinketh inspiration in,
And wears his elbows out:

He looks on nature's fair domain,
And sings where'er he goes;
The said his voice will sometimes wash,
But that he never does.

On shady banks and rippling streams
His heart is kindly set,
And he is never out of rhyme—
And seldom out of debt.

He plucks from out the skies the stars
And weaves them in his verse;
He's very rich in sentiment,
And very poor in purse.

He often meets with jeers and scorn,
And hears unfriendly talk;
His fancy flies on airy wings—
But he's obliged to walk.

He sings his pleasures to the world,
He also sings his pain;
But to maintain himself and fame
He's always on a strain.

His rhythmic feet are finer clad
Than his poetic toes,
And frequently comes out in print,
And frequently in clothes.

Walled Up.

BY C. DUNNING CLARK.

NIGHT in the great city. The rush of passing men and women, Jew and Gentile, wise men and foolish virgins, had passed away, and was succeeded by the hill which always followed an hour after the theaters were closed. Here and there a bevy of young men, with disordered clothing and faces rendered imbecile by drink, went staggering by, making night hideous with their bacchanalian songs until brought up by the vision of a "boy in blue," with a shield upon his breast. Now and then women, with faces which showed wan and ghastly under the lamps, passed by—faces which had been beautiful in their day, perhaps the pride of happy homes—women such as "George Ellington" describes so faithfully.

A close carriage rolled down Broadway, and turned into Houston street, stopping at a house which, to the passer-by unused to the ways of this great city, might seem a very respectable place indeed. Two men descended and entered the lofty hall, lighted by a brilliant chandelier suspended from the ceiling. They passed on up the stair and entered a small room, where they found the various paraphernalia in use in secret societies, and, among others, black masks and long cloaks. When prepared, they approached a door and knocked. It swung open and showed a man dressed in all respects as they were, holding in his hand a bright sword.

"Who demands entrance here?" he said, in a hollow voice.

"Those who know the sign and the word," replied one of the men in the same tone.

"Give me one," said the mask.

The young men placed themselves in a peculiar position and gave the sign together, by raising their hands to their heads, and placing them upon the ears as if to shut out every sound.

"Can you hear?" demanded the mask.

"Nothing but the voice of a brother."

"Are you dumb?"

"Yes. Except when the Grand Organizer bids as speak."

"You have spoken well. Remain, until I have whispered in the ear of the Grand Organizer that worthy brothers stand at the gate."

The door closed behind them, and they were left alone in the ante-room.

"What is the matter with you, George?" demanded one of the men. "You are trembling."

"I have received a summons I dare not disobey. I am afraid they mean to try Gerald to-night for his misdemeanor. Do you think they would dare to carry out the oath, if it were proved against him?"

"I am afraid they would. Hush! here comes the outside guard."

"Enter," cried the same stern voice. The door swing noiselessly back and showed them a lighted hall draped in sable. Black sofas were grouped about in order, upon which were seated men in the same somber robes they wore. Upon the four sides of the room were raised seats holding high-backed, dark-cushioned chairs, in which were seated men, each of whom wore a silver circlet and insignia on his neck, symbolic of his office. The one on the west an ax; on the south a dagger; on the north a cord; on the east a sharp sword. The last wore a sort of tiara of diamonds and gold, and was evidently the principal officer. Others of various ranks stood or sat at points where they were easily subject to the orders of the officers.

In the center was a raised altar, upon which lay a human skull with thigh-bones crossed before it, a cord, a dagger, an ax, and a sword. All the hangings, and even the floor of the room, were black. The two men advanced to the altar and made the same sign which they had made before, and the Grand Organizer recognized them by touching the sword upon his breast. Just then came a loud knocking at the inner door of the room, and a man upon the right of the chief officer sprang to his feet.

"I hear a sound at yonder gate, Worthy Organizer."

"Hasten to it and let me know the cause," replied the chief.

The member walked with a military step to the door and opened it. A man stood there clothed in a long white robe, with his eyes closely bandaged, attended by two masked.

"What seek ye here?"

"Brother Gerald Swayne, who has been accused before the Grand Council, is here to purify himself from stain or suffer the penalty."

The deputy seized a black cord which was fastened about the neck of the prisoner, and led him in. The door closed behind him with a dull sound. As he heard it he started and seemed to meditate flight, but manned himself by a strong effort and looked boldly at his enemies.

"Give him a seat," said the Grand Organ-

izer, sternly. A chair was brought and placed before the altar, facing the chief officer.

"Brother," said that officer, "you stand here charged with a grave crime, and one which bears the heaviest penalties. You know the mysteries of our order and that we live by the vices and follies of the world. It is not necessary that I should tell them to you. Enough that in the eyes of the world in their specious philosophy, the kindness each brother does to his fellow brother would be regarded as a crime and us punished by their laws. What of that? We keep our secrets by certain laws, and those laws must be inviolate. Listen. Do you remember your oath?"

"I do."

"What did you swear?"

"Because you asked me to do something not in my power to perform."

"Listen, brothers," said the Grand Organizer. "This man is of the order of Adam and he loves a woman. For the sake of the order it became necessary that he should marry one we had chosen, and who loved him well enough to take him. We imposed no hard task upon him, for the woman we had chosen was beautiful, and what was better far, was possessed of great wealth. The woman he loved and for whose sake he would have sacrificed the interests of this Grand Council, was beautiful, but poor. He has some chimerical idea of living a life of innocence hereafter—of breaking away from the Grand Council; and in some lovely spot living out a blameless life. You know the cant they use. Enough of this; do you still refuse to obey the orders of the Grand Council, and marry the woman they have chosen?"

"It is well. Yesterday I sent you an order. Have you fulfilled it?"

"I have not."

"Why did you hesitate?"

"Because you asked me to do something not in my power to perform."

"Listen, brothers," said the Grand Organizer. "This man is of the order of Adam and he loves a woman. For the sake of the order it became necessary that he should marry one we had chosen, and who loved him well enough to take him. We imposed no hard task upon him, for the woman we had chosen was beautiful, and what was better far, was possessed of great wealth. The woman he loved and for whose sake he would have sacrificed the interests of this Grand Council, was beautiful, but poor. He has some chimerical idea of living a life of innocence hereafter—of breaking away from the Grand Council; and in some lovely spot living out a blameless life. You know the cant they use. Enough of this; do you still refuse to obey the orders of the Grand Council, and marry the woman they have chosen?"

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